

BRIDGE CRUSH IS ENDED; NEW EAST RIVER TUBE DID IT

Brooklynites Leave Trolleys and Gladly Pay Two Fares to Save Time.

BIG RUSH FOR TUNNEL.

Public Service Board Will See that B. R. T. Cuts Off No Cars.

Surface trolley cars, which carried an average of eighty passengers a trip from Brooklyn to Manhattan over the old bridge before the opening of the East River tunnel, brought an average of sixty passengers to Manhattan during the rush hours to-day.

The same falling off was noticeable in the elevated trains, which did not get their usual number of short-haul passengers. These went exclusively to the tunnel, which opened the rush hours with the same demand for accommodation as yesterday.

It was estimated at one time that sixteen thousand passengers an hour were being carried through the tubes. This was between the hours of 6.40 and 8.01 o'clock, when trains were run at three-minute headway.

Traffic managers of the Interborough and the B. R. T. agreed that while an actual decrease in the travel over the bridge last evening and this morning was apparent, they added that no permanent diminution of the usual bridge rush would occur until the subway in Brooklyn is extended to the Atlantic avenue terminal. The Interborough people stated that this extension will be completed in sixty days.

Must Keep Cars On.
Appraised that the B. R. T. intends to reduce the train and car service on the bridge because of the diminution of traffic due to the opening of the tunnel, the Public Service Commission to-day took steps to prevent a curtailment of bridge facilities.

Inspectors were detailed to watch the trains and cars and note their operation. If cars are taken off the regular schedule or headway is lengthened the commission will at once be informed.

The commission was notified to-day that radical changes in schedules were contemplated because of the reduced bridge traffic. This will not be permitted. A letter was prepared and sent to the B. R. T. to-day asking for a statement of the service. The questions must be answered under oath.

Trolley Lines as Feeders.
If the present early day and evening rush in tube traffic continues it means, the traffic men say, that many persons are paying two fares—one to the B. R. T. and one to the Interborough—and that those who pay a single fare reside within walking distance of the Borough Hall station. The present rush may be traced in part to curiosity to "ride under the river."

Another feature of today's patronage of the tube was the constant feeding from several of the trolley lines which passed within a short distance of the Borough Hall station. As the cars approached the borough hall conductors sang out, "Change here for the tube," and many changed.

The maximum of travel over the Brooklyn Bridge is 54,000 passengers an hour. This is in the evening between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock. Last night this maximum was 38,000, with 34 trolley cars, the usual number, leaving the various loops each hour, and the trains running on the usual schedule. This reflected a fall of one-third.

There was a consequent rush through the tube, the Bowling Green and Bridge stations being greatly congested during that hour. Intermediate subway stations showed a large increase in receipts.

Reduced by a Third.
To-day's rush over the bridge was reduced more than 30 per cent, with consequent enhanced travel through the tube, although there was not the congestion observed during the same hours yesterday when thousands paid the extra fare to take the ride under the East River.

In spite of the information conveyed to the Public Service Commission, Mr. E. H. Revery, of the B. R. T., said that even with the reduced travel which he estimated at thirty-five per cent, cars would have to be run as usual to carry the people. He said that the number of cars running to the City Hall would be reduced to provide even better facilities for the people who desired to go to Manhattan during the day and that the fare for the tube would be added, by the way of time, to the extra fare for the riding of the tube.

Police men stationed at the Brooklyn terminal stations during rush hours to-day were not required to literally thrust passengers into the cars as on the days before the opening of the tunnel. This form of "boosing" passengers has at least been done away with by the tunnel. During these hours traffic through the tube was at its height, fully 35,000 passengers having been hauled by the eight car trains.

Four ticket sellers were kept busy with a platoon of patrolmen, was undisturbed watching the crowd and operation of trains. Several Interborough officials, in squads of workmen, were present in case of an emergency requiring their services.

Expected Less Traffic.
General Manager Frank Hedley, of the Interborough, said in his offices until after midnight to-day, the reports of accountants regarding the extent of the business for the day through the tube. It showed that 146,000 passengers had boarded the tube during the day and that 14,000 more could have been accommodated with a slightly reduced headway.

The tube trains of eight cars each have a carrying capacity of eight hundred sitting and standing passengers. With a reduced headway of three minutes headway each hour, this means a travel of 16,000 passengers an hour. With a reduced headway of two minutes, the carrying capacity of the tube can be increased to twenty-four thousand passengers an hour.

Rapturous, Bussful and Long Drawn Out Is the "Louise Kiss," A New Labial Tonic of the Uncommon or Mary Garden Variety

Startled Opera-Goers Hold Their Breath When Hammerstein's Latest Prima Donna and Tenor Dalmores Embrace.

ADORING AND DELICIOUS, CARESS LASTS 25 SECONDS.

It Causes Wives to Frown at Entrance of Husbands and Fluffy Girls to Look Wonderingly at Their Escorts.

Legal Value of Some Other Kisses as Fixed by Courts

Here are some court quotations on the price of kisses:
A jury at Ballston Spa allowed a breach of promise plaintiff \$3,000 for 1,236 kisses—\$2.42 per kiss.
Mrs. Antonio Filskow demanded legal solace of \$50,000 for two kisses; one on the cheek, one on the mouth.
Five kisses were assessed by a Wisconsin court at \$15,000 (or \$3,000 each).
A stolen kiss was appraised by Recorder Walcott, of Little Falls, N. Y., at \$200.
The lowest record price was set by a Newark (N. J.) jury in 1902, when Miss Theresa Hervey asked for \$300 in legal damages for a pilfered osculation. The heartless jury (finding she had forgiven the offender) granted her 6 cents.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

A Kiss has come to town!

Not a soft-watted, butterfly-like brush of the lips or a detonating labial salvo that starts horses in nearby streets to faster pace. Not even like the "Netherole," "Emma Abbott," or any other much-exploited brands of mercury-raising kiss-as-kiss-can whereof old-timers used to blither.

This Kiss is a new one on New York. It takes twenty-five seconds to complete and can at a pinch be dragged out even longer. But no one seems to grudge the time. Not even in hustling Manhattan Island.

Nor is it of the cheap skate or piker variety of Kiss. It is not on the free list. One must save more money for it pro rata than for a two weeks' Adirondack vacation. Its estimated cost is \$6.87 per, or \$989.28 by the hour.

It is the "Louise Kiss," imported from France for Oscar Hammerstein by Mary Garden and Charles Dalmores.

The Kiss occurs for the first time at the opening of Act III. of "Louise." Dalmores is seated "down stage," reading. Enter Miss Garden. She steals upon the unsuspecting tenor, and before he knows it the lucky man is encased in a dreamy half-Nelson. Down goes the book (what chance has Literature, anyhow?) and the half-Nelson is countered by an adept strangle-hold. Then the Kiss begins.

It Makes the Audience Sit Up.

There is nothing platonic, nothing fraternal, nothing perfunctory about it. No hint of slurring or shirking full duty. Never before did two performers earn their salaries with such very evident willingness.

The Kiss has begun! But it doesn't stop.
The man in the prompt box lays aside his score, wipes his forehead and lights a cigarette. Mrs. Hammerstein stops counting the house and worriedly pulls out his watch. For these two young people on the stage are kissing on H18 time, and he has to keep on paying them high C prices just as if they were emitting golden arias.

But still the Kiss goes on.
The orchestra reels off two bars and a half of slow, dreamy, meet-me-at-the-corner melody. For the musicians are here to work, not to kiss. No one pays them \$6.87 for osculation. "Somebody must keep on the job," Conductor Campanini tells them, "so get busy, and maybe by and by, if we're lucky, the Kiss will stop and the show can get under way again." So they play along, earnestly and warmly.

But still the Kiss goes on.
The audience begins to grow interested. Watches are furtively consulted. Pulses, trained to sedate operatic tempo, get clear out of time and scamper off at a furious, erratic pace. Fluffy young girls glance speculatively at their staring escorts. Matrons eye their interested husbands with unspoken rebuke. "Home is never like this!" murmurs one railbird, sadly.

Its Measure in Cold Figures.

Outside, in unsuspecting Thirty-fourth street, autos whizz eastward past Eighth avenue. They will reach Broadway before that Kiss ceases. A newboy yells "Wauwau!" The paper will be bought and its headlines mastered before that Kiss shall become a thing of the past. A man on the corner strikes a match. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. The flare of that match will have travelled 1,650,000 miles before the lips of Dalmores and Miss Garden part—nearly twenty times the distance from Park Row to the moon. The earth still whizzes through space, in spite of all this osculatory excitement. It will have travelled 462.5 miles between the start and finish of the Kiss.

But still the Kiss goes on.
In the Manhattan Opera-House are 4,000 people. Each of those people is wasting 25 whole seconds watching the rapturous, languishing, adoring, delicious, dilatory, time ignoring, silently blissful progress of the Garden-Dalmores embrace. That means a total loss of let's see—25 times 4,000 seconds. That's 1,000-2-3 minutes. Nearly 20 hours. More than a whole day. Time in which John D. Rockefeller adds \$57,000 to his wealth. (It would cost John D. \$16 worth of seconds merely to witness the Kiss.) Miss Garden gets \$1,500 and Dalmores \$300 a performance. Granting the opera lasts 2½ hours, the couple are using up in those 25 seconds of their impresario's time the sum of \$6.66-2-3, to which the ninety orchestra members raise the cost by another modest 20-1-3 cents—\$6.87 in all. Count it. And yet a New Jersey Justice lately appraised the best kisses on the local market at only 11 apiece! Are home industries to have no protection? Will no Dingley bill frame a labial tariff?

Audience Sighs as They Break Away.

But still the Kiss goes on! It's over. Actually over.
With a reluctance as of muscles long cramped from lack of motion the four arms relax. The two pairs of lips draw apart with all the unwillingness of a life-long office-holder to let his idle sinucure pop. Kissing is easier than singing, when one does it at union rates.

A low, regretful, wondering, "at-last-so!" sigh sweeps the audience. The prompter sits up. Campanini signals. The love duet commences. The curtain man in relief relinquishes the grip he had just taken on the smoking asbestos "drop." A spectator goes blindly out for a drink, and as he swallows it a sizzling sound as of burning ham resounds throughout his epiglottis. But he went out too soon. He has missed something.

The love duet winds up with a second edition of the Kiss. So does the Act. But by this third time the sporting members of the audience are ready. Stop-watches flash out from gallery to proscenium boxes. Yes. Just 25 seconds. What? 25-1-2.
Oh, well! What's a fifth of a second, anyhow? Nobody grudges it. What is 1.5 of a second, or 25 seconds even, in busy New York compared with the gorgeous, ennuil smashing tidings:
"A Kiss has come to town!"

ADMIRAL ITO DISMISSED IN DISGRACE, JAP REPORT.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 10.—Advices from the Asiatic state that Admiral

Baron Y. Ito, of the Supreme Naval Council, who commanded the Japanese Navy in the war with China, has been dismissed from the service because of scandal which involves him with the wife of a workman in the Yokosuka navy yards.



WHITMORE PLANS IN HIS CELL TO OBTAIN MILLIONS

Theodore Whitmore, under arrest at Harrison, N. J., on a charge of murdering his wife, announced to-day that he is one of the heirs to a fortune of several millions of dollars in banks and real estate in Holland. The fortune, he says, was left by Mrs. Ann Jermond-Whitmore, the widow of one of his ancestors.

According to Whitmore, he comes from a distinguished revolutionary family. In 1820 Elias Whitmore, one of his forebears, married Ann Jermon in this city. Elias Whitmore went to Holland and his family lost sight of him.

He accumulated a great fortune, Whitmore says, and he and his brothers have been busily engaged in trying to get hold of it. In pursuance of this plan, Whitmore had an elaborate family tree prepared. This is in the custody of Prosecutor Vickers, of Hudson County.

Whitmore is a cocaine and morphine fiend, and given to smoking opium, but his jailers positively deny that he has had a chance to hit the pipe or take a shot of morphine since he has been in the Harrison lockup.

Dickenson Girl Found.

A crisis is approaching in the case against Whitmore. The prosecuting officers of Hudson County are tightening the net of evidence around him, and now they have located and are ready to arrest Georgie Dickenson.

This is the young woman of the Tenderloin with whom Whitmore was infatuated. Prosecutor Vickers is sure that she can clear up the mystery surrounding the movements of Whitmore between 4 o'clock Christmas afternoon and 6 o'clock the following morning—the only period not accounted for in the schedule the police have framed of Whitmore's actions in connection with the tragedy.

Strong Case, Says Prosecutor.

"Even without the testimony of the Dickenson woman we have a strong circumstantial case against Whitmore," said Prosecutor Vickers to-day. "I have every reason to believe that she will be arrested before night. If she refused to come to New Jersey willingly we will simply prefer a charge of accessory after the fact of the Whitmore murder and have her extradited."

"Nothing can keep us in the long run from solving this mystery. I was in hopes that Fred Elliott, the Boston railroad man, who came down to visit Whitmore day after Christmas and spent two days with him, could clear up some points we are dark about. I thought that perhaps Whitmore had

day in the mud near the swamp where the body was discovered. If the ring is shown to have belonged to Mrs. Whitmore the find is of value as showing that the murderer stripped her of her ring and other jewelry.

The inquest was held last night at Harrison. The Coroner's Jury, composed of citizens of Harrison, brought in a verdict in which Mrs. Whitmore was referred to as "an unknown woman." Albert Thompson and Frederick Kirkman, of the boat Idle Hour, who have been held in \$5,000 bail as suspects ever since the discovery of Mrs. Whitmore's body, were summoned to the inquest as witnesses, but their lawyer refused to allow them to testify.

Whitmore is under close guard continuously. His captors believe that he would commit suicide if he got a chance. He repeatedly asks for a razor, saying he wants to shave himself. Although he needs a shave he has been denied a razor.

A new Bulletin Girl Calendar next Sunday. Every person who got last Sunday's Bulletin Calendar will want it. Those who did not get last Sunday's should start now. Get the set. Ten colors. Extra quality paper.

There's quite a Row about Unsanitary Bakeshops

We don't know how bad or how good they are.

The papers say some startling things and the health boards are stirred up.

It seems an opportune time to say that the most nourishing bread in existence is not in the shape of bread at all, but is composed of granules.

That's GRAPE-NUTS.

No bread in the world is so nutritious, for Grape-Nuts food is made of entire wheat and barley and goes through various processes of baking, during which the starch part is turned into a form of sugar to be seen glistening in minute particles on each granule of Grape-Nuts. The food is the easiest to digest in the entire list of all foods and it will pay to use it in place of white bread and observe how well you feel.

The factories are the world's standard for cleanliness and sanitary conditions.

Scores of visitors are escorted thru the factories each day and see just how Grape-Nuts and Postum are made and how immaculately clean every nook and corner is.

Come, you all are welcome.

If you can't come, send a postal with address carefully written and we'll mail free the beautifully illustrated book, "The Door Unbolted."

It takes one all thru and the pictures show the interesting machines at work.
Grape-Nuts food and Postum are never touched by human hands in the processes of making.

There's happy health with Postum and Grape-Nuts, and

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

TRIED TO KIDNAP HIS OWN CHILD, AND WAS CAUGHT

Brooklyn School Teacher and Violinist Held in a Connecticut Jail.

HIS NERVES AFFECTED.

Friends Declare Too Much Mother-in-Law Caused All His Troubles.

Relatives and friends of William Festus O'Meara, the Brooklyn school teacher, who was arrested yesterday at South Beach, Conn., while abducting his two-year-old son, William, will stand solidly behind the broken-hearted young man who has been on the verge of prostration since his mother, with whom he lived, died New Year's Day. He has not been accountable for his acts since her death was added to his woes of the last four years his family states.

Besides, Principal Edwin B. Uline, of Public School No. 27, Hicks and Nelson streets, South Brooklyn, said to-day that he would do all in his power to aid O'Meara, who, he said, is a cultured and refined gentleman. To-day O'Meara's sister Catherine, who is also a teacher in a Brooklyn school, and his brother Raymond left for South Beach in company with an uncle, David Sullivan, of Manhattan, to secure the release of the teacher. An effort will also be made to affect an understanding by which the father will be permitted to see his children as often as he wishes.

Again the Mother-in-Law.

O'Meara's relatives would not discuss his troubles to-day, but Miss Margaret O'Reilly, a friend of the family, declared in positive language that it was another case of too much mother-in-law. "His wife's mother is the cause of it all," declared Miss O'Reilly.

"She wants to keep the children at South Beach. O'Meara is very fond of the child bearing his name, and continually laments his fate in not being able to have the child with him. The day before Christmas O'Meara went up to Connecticut to bring some presents to his children. His mother-in-law set the hired man on him, and between the bunch of them O'Meara was thrown out into the street. He came back here weeping. He was told to invoke the aid of the courts, but he evidently believed he could do better by kidnapping the baby."

"His wife is a teacher in the Manhattan schools. I do not know what name she gives, but her earnings help to support the two children. I understand that her mother will not permit her to accept any money from O'Meara for their support."

Principal Uline declared that O'Meara was a splendid teacher and well educated. "He is only a substitute and temporarily connected with this school," he said, "but that will not deter me from doing all I can to help him. He is impulsive, but has had troubles, and paper."

while we regret he attempted to take matters in his own hands, nevertheless, we will aid him all we can."

Caught Boarding Train.

O'Meara was caught as he was boarding a train for New York yesterday by a resulting party from his wife's home. He had snatched up the child as it was playing in the yard.

He is a graduate of Manhattan College and is prominent as a violinist in Brooklyn churches, where he has played for years. At Christmas four years ago O'Meara was invited to play a violin solo at St. John's Church. Miss Lillian McLaughlin, daughter of Samuel J. McLaughlin, of No. 141 Henry street, Stamford, was one of the singers. The young couple fell in love and were married secretly the following April.

The marriage was kept secret three months, after which the couple went to live in a Twelfth street flat near the home of O'Meara's mother. The home was the center of choir assemblies and persons musical in inclined. Last September the couple separated, the young woman, who is very pretty, returning to her parents with her two children, the youngest now six months old.

Since O'Meara's mother's death, he has been inconsolable. He has told friends that if he had a chance to see his wife alone he would patch up their differences, but that she is under the influence of her mother.

FEARFUL ITCHING AFFLICTS FAMILY

For Six Months They Suffered Tortures—Patches of Humor Became Raw—Could Hardly Sleep—Medical Treatment Did No Good but

TWO SETS OF CUTICURA CURED THEM IN TEN DAYS

"Last February my sister broke out with a humor which gradually spread to the rest of the family. I being the last to take it. It manifested itself in patches varying from the size of a dime to that of a silver dollar. The joints of our limbs were most affected. The parts where the skin was tender soon became raw and irritated and we were unable to sleep but little because the itching got so bad at night. My sister consulted a physician but he was unable to name the disease and the treatment he prescribed did no good at all. As the warm weather came on we were tortured worse than ever, the irritated parts causing us to scratch until they would bleed. In August, when it was at its worst, my sister was given a cake of Cuticura Soap. This she tried and it afforded so much relief that I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. This we used according to directions and immediately the humor began to disappear. I then bought another set of the whole family were cured by these two, the blotches disappearing in ten days. After this we used the Cuticura Remedies for the treatment of the humor. George W. Brown, 18 Linden St., Rockland, Mass., Jan. 28, 1907."

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